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- ART. VI.—1. *The Color Guard. Being a Corporal's Notes of Military Service in the Nineteenth Army Corps.* By JAMES K. HOSMER, of the Fifty-Second Regiment Mass. Volunteers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864. 12mo. pp. xii., 244.
2. *Adjutant Stearns.* Boston: Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. [1862.] 16mo. pp. 160.
3. *The Sergeant's Memorial.* By his Father. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1863. 16mo. pp. 242.
4. *Dying for our Country. A Sermon on the Death of Captain J. Sewall Reed and Rev. Thomas Starr King; Preached in the First Congregational Church in Milton, March 13, 1864.* By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son. 1864. 8vo. pp. 28.
5. *Walter S. Newhall. A Memoir.* Philadelphia: Published for the Benefit of the Sanitary Commission. 1864. Sq. 12mo. pp. 140.

AMONG the many remarkable aspects of the present war, there has perhaps been none more striking than that presented by the armies of the loyal freemen of the North; and among the many new and unexpected proofs which the war has afforded of the strength and worth of our democratic institutions, there has not been one more convincing than that furnished by the character, conduct, spirit, and principle of our soldiers. That a nation should spring from peace, and from the productive occupations of tranquil life, into the destructive storm of war, should suddenly change its ingrained habits, and pour the currents of its activity through strange and untried channels, would be a surprising instance of readiness of will and of fertility of resource; but that a people long accustomed to the freest enjoyment of independence, and unused to obedience to the commands of others, should at once, and of their own accord, submit themselves, and sacrifice their individual independence, to the hard demands of military discipline and subordination, is a convincing indication, not only of the intensity of the motives by which they are influenced, but also of the intelligence which directs their efforts and

makes them capable of any sacrifice required for the accomplishment of their purpose. It is no army of machines that the North has sent out; but it is, in the main, an army of thoughtful men,—men who have counted the cost of what they give, who know the worth of what they aim to secure.

Whatever exceptions are to be made, whatever justice there may be in the charges brought by its detractors against our national army, the truth is, that by far the greater part of the men engaged in this war, both in the East and West, are soldiers of a higher character than those of other nations. They are not men bred to the art of war, but men of peace, in their country's service; men who go to war for the sake of peace; men who have no lust of conquest, averse to bloodshed, incapable of wanton cruelty; men who have given up comfort, ease, friends, and home, at the call of duty, for the sake of their principles, in defence of their rights, in love for their homes and dear native land. And more than this, they are men who count life cheap in the balance of right and wrong, and who venture, and will give, (as, indeed, how many have already given!) life itself, in the cause of freedom and of justice. They are good soldiers of the good cause.

The evils of war, even for the best cause, are indeed many and horrible. The suffering, the waste, the demoralization that attend it, are but a part of its bitter fruits. But if war brings evil, let us not forget that it brings also good. It has its compensations. If some men are rendered worse by it, some also are made better. How many of those youths who have, in the last three years, given example of noble patience, endurance, courage, and all manly virtue, who have been brought by the stern tuition of war to a clearer conception of the meaning of life, and to the performance of difficult and heroic duty, might have lived absorbed in illusions, in the ignoble round of petty cares and selfish interests,—have passed from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, with no generous elation of soul, with no experience of the purifying and elevating influence of hardship and of suffering, with no growth of spirit, and no effort of self-devotion! The temptations of prosperity had already misled us; the love of ease had already begun to work corruption; we were stagnating in selfishness,

and losing the sense of virtue, when the summons to war broke upon us from the guns of Charleston.

“In an age of fops and toys,  
Wanting wisdom, void of right,  
What shall nerve heroic boys  
To hazard all in *Freedom's* fight?”

Thank God, the spirit of manliness had been only drugged to slumber by the opiate of peace; it was not dead. Thank God, our boys knew the call of duty when they heard its sound, and answered it with the most glorious alacrity.

The character of the good soldier is one which the world, and we least of all, could not afford at present to let die. No other career offers such a field as that of arms for the exercise of the virtue of obedience, which modern civilization and our democratic institutions have a growing tendency to check and to depreciate. Obedience is indeed demanded of the soldier in its highest form,—that of voluntary submission to an issued command. Manliness in the largest sense, all that is implied in the word *virtus*, finds in war its stimulus and its opportunity. The profession of a soldier is, in one respect, the highest in which man can engage,—that it involves the necessity of absolute self-sacrifice, and the readiness to risk life for the attainment of an end in which no personal interest is involved. Glory has been called the reward and the object of the soldier. But glory is but a low motive to him who has the just idea of his calling. The love of glory is the infirmity of noble minds. There are motives of greater force with the good soldier. If honor and long remembrance await him, he may be glad; but it is not for their sake that he ventures into the fight, and meets the fire of battle. His strongest motive is duty. He offers himself for many. His heart is inflamed with the love of justice and of peace. He strikes for the right, and he receives the blow in testimony of his obedience to the right. He may die unnoticed in the crowd of the dead; his name may be forgotten, but he has his reward in his own keeping, and his life and his death become a spiritual influence to encourage, invigorate, and dignify mankind.

The names of the three hundred who fought and died with

Leonidas at Thermopylæ, though they were all inscribed on a pillar at Sparta, long since perished utterly out of the world; but their example remains, bright and helpful forever. Their deed became an example of deed to mankind; and they need and deserve no better remembrance than that which is contained "in the noblest group of words ever uttered by simple man concerning his practice," — the immortal inscription on the monument which once stood where they fell: —

ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε  
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων νομίμοις πειθόμενοι.

"O stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we are lying here, having *obeyed* their laws."

Who shall record the names of all those who have fallen in our holy war, in obedience to their country's laws? What pillar lofty enough on which to inscribe them? The record of the last three years is crowded full of noble deeds and deaths. No complete list can ever be given of them. Here at least we can recall the memory of but a few of those who form the great company of faithful servants obedient even unto death in our country's cause.

As we call the roll, each name answers for others beside him who bore it. Sedgwick, the self-poised, modest, thorough soldier; the trustworthy commander, equal to every emergency; the beloved of all who knew him; the man whom honor sought, and never found slow at her call. Wadsworth, who counted no sacrifice too dear, but laid the habits of peace, the luxuries of wealth, the allurements of comfort and of a happy home, an offering upon the altar of patriotism and freedom; the upright, earnest, devoted leader, and the honored exemplar of civic and military virtue. Reynolds, born with genius for war, and bred to arms, modest, reticent, studious, and brave; who, where danger threatened, never said, Go, but Come, and of whom, after his death at Gettysburg, Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania said, in an address to his troops: "He was an example to all for singleness of purpose, promptness in action, perfect integrity, and utter self-abandonment to the calls of duty. For dauntless enterprise and brilliancy of achievement he had certainly no superiors, and few who had rivalled him

in the armies of the republic ; and it is not too much to say, that, if the blessings of his late comrades in arms were flowers, his grave would be robed in perpetual bloom." Stevens, an old army man, who had left the field of war for that of politics, but whose ardent nature and brave heart, tried often in other scenes, hearing the call of war, shattered the bonds of party alliances, and left him free to offer his splendid talents to his country and to prove his devotion to her by a gallant death. Bayard, worthy of his name, Colonel of the First Pennsylvania Regiment, the first Brigadier-General of Cavalry, killed by a chance shot at Fredericksburg, and buried on the day that was to have been his wedding-day, — his twenty-eighth birthday.

But why extend the list ? Names press upon our memory. Who of this generation but holds in sacred honor the pure and perfect example of Lyon, of Winthrop, of Mitchell, of Reno, of Shaw, of Strong, of Rice ?

Justice indeed cannot be done to our army by a catalogue of conspicuous names, or by biographies, however extended, of the most distinguished officers. The rank and file have shown themselves worthy of the best leaders. The leaders deserve no higher honor than those whom they have led. The same spirit has animated all ; the same love of country, the same devotion to liberty and law, the same fidelity to duty, the same intelligent and willing obedience, the same resolute bravery, have been shown by the common soldiers as by their commanders.

Take, for example, the story of the Anderson Troop of Pennsylvania. It was raised in the fall of 1861 for special service in Kentucky, and composed of one hundred men selected from different parts of the State. It was accepted by General Anderson for head-quarters, at a time when it was very difficult for him to obtain good men for orderlies and the responsible duties in the field and office work. The Troop were carefully drilled at the cavalry barracks at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, by sergeants of the regular army, and when they went West, were accepted by General Buell, who had succeeded both Anderson and Sherman, and used by him in a way to try their merit. The General and his officers found them exactly what they

promised, and General Buford, then Inspector-General, in his report, published by authority, said that "this company is composed of the best men I have ever seen in the service, — young, active, and intelligent, with good ideas, neat in their appearance, and under fine discipline. They drill constantly, and seem to be in dead earnest to make themselves good soldiers." They went through Shiloh, and Perrysville, and a score of lesser fights under Buell; and when he was relieved from command, he took leave of them in a special order, in which he thanks them for "the zeal, cheerfulness, and intelligence with which they have performed all the duties imposed upon them since attached to head-quarters, nearly a year ago. Manly deportment and soldierly bearing have characterized the behavior of the members of the troop, from the day of their assignment to duty with the army up to the present time. The most ordinary routine duties of the soldier, as well as those of the highest moment and of a confidential character, have been performed alike with efficiency and fidelity." The troop was afterwards recruited to a regiment, and it was at its head that the gallant Major Rosengarten, the senior major and commanding officer, fell on the 29th of December, his twenty-fourth birthday, in the advance of Rosecrans's army on the Murfreesboro' battle-field. "None," said General Stanley, speaking of Major Rosengarten and the men who died with him, — "none during this sad war have fallen in a scene of more heroic daring"; and Rosecrans spoke in a special order of "their steadiness under fire, and the intrepidity of their advance." Many of Major Rosengarten's men were his old friends and comrades from home, and their character is well shown by the story of two brothers, — Richard Wyatt and William Beverly Chase, privates in the regiment, who belonged to a prominent Quaker family of Philadelphia. Richard was killed at Murfreesboro', and we transcribe part of a letter describing his last moments. "Full of courage and hope and faith, he behaved in the field gallantly as became him. On Monday, the 29th of December, whilst riding beside his brother in fine spirits, previous to the action, he recited portions of Tennyson's 'Princess,' and these lines from 'Morte d'Arthur': —

‘I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of.’

Still riding, he continued : —

‘ Now I go  
 To the island valley of Avilion,  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,  
 And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.’

Almost with the immortal words warm upon his lips, he received the shot that must have been fatal on the instant.” Thus he fell, adding another to that innumerable company happily described by Kossuth as “the unnamed demigods who die for country and for man.” The other brother, William, was taken prisoner at Chickamauga, and died in Georgia.

The following letter from the “New York Times” of April 21st, 1864, gives the history of a company in another Pennsylvania regiment. It affords a very striking and remarkable illustration of the composition of our volunteer forces.

“*To the Editor of the New York Times : —*

“Company D, of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, a portion of which recently spent some time at the Soldier’s Rest in our city, on their way to Key West, can show the following record.

“There are in the company the following men : —

William Powell,	}	Four brothers and a cousin.
John Powell,		
Andrew Powell,		
Solomon Powell,		
Daniel Powell,		
John Brady,	}	All brothers.
William Brady,		
Ackinson Brady,		
Leonard Brady,		
Samuel Brady,		
Jacob Baltzer,	}	Brothers.
George Baltzer,		
Benjamin Baltzer,		



George Krosier,	}	Brothers.
William Krosier,		
Jesse Krosier,		
Edward Harper,	}	Brothers, and brothers-in-law of the Captain.
Martin Harper,		
George Harper,		
Jesse Shaffer,	}	Two brothers and a cousin
Benjamin Shaffer,		
William Shaffer,		
Wilson Tag,	}	Father and two sons; the father served in the Mexican war.
James Tag,		
Richard Tag,		
John Clay,	}	Six pairs of brothers.
George Clay,		
Jacob Charles,		
Eli Charles,		
John Reynolds,		
Jesse Reynolds,		
John Vance,		
Jonathan Vance,		
John Anthony,		
Benjamin Anthony,		
William Vertig,	}	Step-brothers.
Franklin Vertig,		
Isaac Baldwin,		
Cyrus Taylor,		

"These men all hail from Perry County, Pennsylvania. They are mainly of the old Holland stock, and lived within a circuit of fifteen miles. They are all re-enlisted men but two or three.

"The company has been out over two years, most of the time at the extreme Southern posts. During eighteen months they lost but one man by sickness. They kept up strict sanitary regulations, commuted their rations of salt meat for fresh meat and vegetables, and saved by the operation from one hundred to one hundred and thirty dollars a month, with which they made a company fund, appointing the captain treasurer, and out of which whatever knickknacks were needed could be purchased. They always ate at a table, which they fixed with cross sticks, and had their food served from large bowls, each man having his place, as at home, which no one else was allowed to occupy. While the men were here, they showed that they were sober, cheerful, intelligent men, who had put their hearts into their work, and did not count any privations or sacrifices as too great, if only the life of the

country might be thereby maintained. During the whole term of their service they have not had a man court-martialled.

"They are commanded by Captain Henry D. Woodruff, a native of Binghamton, in this State, but long a resident of Pennsylvania. Their First Lieutenant is S. Ouchmuty; Second Lieutenant, George Stroop.

"If any company can show a more striking record, it would be very interesting to know it.

"Yours, &c.,

C."

A record such as this implies far more than it directly tells. It is evidence of character and conduct, but it needs filling out to enable us to appreciate the full force of its testimony in regard to the men to whom it relates. The intelligence, the self-control, the temperance, the bravery, the patriotic spirit, which it indicates, can hardly be realized by the imagination, stripped of the details of daily life and of service in camp and field. Fortunately, numerous books and reports supply us with these details. Perhaps no single one contains more needed and better information of this sort than the volume called "*The Color Guard*," by Mr. James K. Hosmer, of the Fifty-second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers (nine months' men). This little book is one of very great merit and interest. Written in a simple and animated style, full of picturesque detail and of lively description, it reproduces in all the vividness of truth the experiences of the author, and the character of the men who were his companions during his period of service. We know of no book which gives so good an idea of our soldiers; of none which is of such lasting value as a picture of the men who are engaged in maintaining the cause of freedom; of none which is likely to be of more importance to the future historian of this war, as affording him the means of forming a correct judgment on the motives, the principles, and the conduct of the rank and file of the great army of the Union. It is a book which deserves the widest popularity, for it should be read by every one who desires to understand rightly, and appreciate at their true worth, the characteristic traits of the American soldier.

"It is," as Dr. Peabody well says in his brief Introduction to it, "the narrative of one who gave every possible proof of disinterested patriotism. The writer had large and varied opportunities of obser-

vation, and with them he possessed keen, quick, and accurate discernment. . . . . His journal gives a faithful picture of the privations, sufferings, and perils of those whose living and dying sacrifice is the costly price at which we are purchasing the redemption of our country from dismemberment and ruin, and it can hardly fail to do its part in awakening the gratitude we owe to those who have gone forth in the defence of our liberties and institutions."

Its author was a young clergyman in a country village in Massachusetts.

"You want to know," he writes, November 13th, 1862, "why I have left my pulpit and parish, and enlisted. I had several reasons; all plain, simple, and sensible enough. I have believed in the war from the first. The cause of the North, briefly, is, to me, the cause of civilization and liberty. To help this, I have preached, made speeches, and talked in private. Ought I not to practise what I preach? Ought I to shrink from encountering perils and hardships which I have urged others to encounter?"

"Then, again, having no family, I can go better than many others in our village, — men liable to be drafted, whose means are straitened, and who have wives and children to support. These are my main reasons; but, besides these, I confess to a love of adventure. Moreover, I hope to gain new robustness from the exposure. I own, also, to something of a military spirit. . . . . I am now one of the eight corporals whose duty it is to guard the colors."

The regiment to which Mr. Hosmer belonged was attached to General Banks's command, and sailed from New York to New Orleans on board a steam transport, in December, 1862. His younger brother was a sergeant in the same company, — a fine, manly boy, free, strong, jocund, high-spirited, full of love and the pure and noble fervor of youth. He had scarcely been a month in Louisiana before he was struck down with fever, and, after a short illness, died in his brother's arms. The story of his illness and death is told with the utmost tenderness. It is not to be read without tears. He was buried on Sunday, January 25th.

"How have you told me, comrades, that you loved him! Manly Rogers, happy-hearted Brown and Hannum, his fellow-sergeants, from you, from captain and all, there is no dearth of sympathy.

"The service begins. The chaplain, with a broken voice, reads the selections; then came the grand hymn, 'Mourn not that his kin are

far,' — Warriner and Browning, and young Cyrus Stowell, and First Sergeant Arms of B. The notes rose and swelled, and mingled with sweet tree-whisperings and the sobs of soldiers. Their voices choked, and they had to wipe away the tears to see the words. 'Warriner, let me have your copy.' Is it not a grand requiem for a young soldier?

'Mourn not that his kin are far,  
While we lay him in the grave;  
For his fellow-soldiers are  
Loving brothers of the brave.

'And his tender mother here  
Shrouds him as a warrior thus;  
'T is his country, loved so dear, —  
Mother, too, of all of us.

'Sleeping soft, the youth shall lie  
Calmly here, beneath the sod,  
Where, a living sacrifice,  
He his body gave to God.

'Now let martial music sound!  
Beat the dead-march for the brave!  
Lower him gently in the ground!  
Fire a volley o'er his grave!'"

For a time Mr. Hosmer was employed as a nurse for the sick. The following is a scene in the hospital tent, on a sunny afternoon.

"Private Clout, sensible, practical, but somewhat unheroic, seated on the bunk of Grimes, who has gone out to take an airing. Attendant, couched in the lair of Chape, opposite, cleaning gun and equipments, against dress-parade.

"*Private Clout, loq.* 'Heard the new rumor, now?

"'Goin' down to New Orleans, p'raps; or, leastways, can if we're a mind to and the Colonel's willin'."

"Attendant suggests, if we go to New Orleans, in all probability we shall not go to Port Hudson, about to be attacked. We shall only have to do the ignoble duty of petty policemen, — pick up the little boys who will sing 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' in the streets, and the naughty ladies who stick out their tongues at the soldiers. We shall have to go home ignominiously, without honor, without having struck a blow, and almost without having run a risk, except from the weather and climate.

"*Private C.* 'Well, honor! — hem! — don't know much 'bout that;

but know this: go to Port Hudson, might get killed, — that ain't comfortable; might get your leg shot off. Putty sure of this, anyhow; if you get hurt, after the first, no one cares about it but your relations. If you hain't got none, like as not you die a pauper. I ain't so fast for going to Port Hudson. Down to New Orleans you get good quarters, good livin', and not much to do. S'pose I'd go into swamps, and where them dreadful careless cannon was pointin' my way, ef I was *ordered*; but I'd rather go where it's safe and easy.' . . . .

"In hospital life I see the good and bad side of human nature. There are shirks, — but I believe I know one or two, — foul-mouthed often indeed, and altogether too rough, one would think, ever to be fledged out with angels' plumage. They will go home from here (if they live) to a bed on the straw in a barn-loft, or to a cot in a shanty in the woods, where they are getting out timber for some sawmill; but, in view of their substantial goodness, I know not why, some night, these surroundings should not 'like a lily bloom,' as well as the chamber of Abou Ben Adhem, and an angel write them down as 'those who love their fellow-men,' near the head of God's list, thoroughly unsanctified though they seem, as judged by all conventional standards."

In March the regiment was before Port Hudson. It was going into action.

"How do we feel? We are going out to meet the enemy, we all fully believe, and so do our officers, and even staff officers of the general, who are friendly to us, look pityingly after, as we march on; for they know, though *we* do not, that we are to be pushed up in front of the whole army, into close range of the cannon upon the fortress-wall. The Fifty-second is cool, and yet eager; and not a man, that can limp at all, wants to stay. For the last thing, 'Load!' Open cartridge-box; tear the rough paper from the powder end, — and there it goes down the barrel; and now the ball; half-cock, then cap the cone, and all is done. If I have to fire, it will be for the cause. Scruples now are mere squeamishness. Now, 'By the right flank, forward!' Hardiker carries the white State flag; the tall sergeant, the stars and stripes. Old flag, you are woven of no ordinary stuff! Rank and file and shoulder-straps, it is a sacred thing! It has for a warp, liberty; and for a woof, constitutional order; and is dyed deep in tints of love and justice. Between Hardiker and the sergeant marches Wilson, — a fine-looking corporal, with a military face, eye, and figure; moustached, bearded, eager, — such a face as I have seen in Horace Ver-net's battle-pieces. A good marksman, too, is Wilson; for many years

the terror of squirrels in the woods of E——. Prince and Claypole cover Hardiker and Wilson; while I march behind the sergeant, right in the folds of the great flag. Alongside, in the line of file-closers, go West, and lispig, light-haired Wiebel, the German; and, last, the ever sage, serene, and satisfactory Bias Dickinson. . . . .

“So we go out of the field into the road, in the centre of the long column, with banners waving, and, I hope, the true light of battle upon our faces, — soldiers in a noble cause, — farmer and mechanic, merchant and preacher, shoulder to shoulder. ‘Boom!’ go the far-away guns. We are moving rapidly to the front; so the other regiments, and the stout battery-men and the yellow cavalry-men, give way for us, cheering us on. Down a cross-road toward the river, a sweet south-wind shaking white cloud-favors out of every window in heaven at us; the sun smiling God-speed and the lady rose-bushes, from fence-corners like balconies, showing their blossom-handkerchiefs.”

We would willingly quote more passages from Mr. Hosmer’s book in illustration of our topic, but we must content ourselves with the paragraph in which he sums up the result of his observations on the “roughs” among the rank and file.

“During the past year I have seen much of human nature, — often a very rough side of it. In our own regiment were a large number of men of such age and character as are not usually found in the position of private soldiers; but we had, besides these, a proportion of ‘rough characters.’ Then, again, in organizations less favored than ours with which we were associated, there was ample opportunity of meeting with those whom society calls very much debased. I met such men under circumstances when many of the ordinary restraints of life were taken off, so that their true natures could come out more fully. What have I learned? To put as much confidence in men as ever; to believe in the intrinsic goodness of the human heart. Indolence, cruelty, sensuality, meanness, are the things men invariably detest, and what they blame. Mercy, liberality, truth, kindness, are what they invariably commend.

“Much evil there is among the rank and file, as there is among those higher in position. I have seen want of patience, want of honesty, want of temperance. I have seen gambling and ill-temper, and know how foul the air of a camp is with coarseness and blasphemy. But this I have not seen: the man who liked or would commend selfishness; the man who disliked or would blame unselfishness. One does not learn to think less of human nature from contact with ‘rough men,’ however it may be from contact with those at the opposite

social extreme. Often they do not imitate what they admire ; often they do not avoid in their own conduct what they detest in others ; but this is true, that the human instincts are always fixed in a love for good, in a hatred for bad. In the society of the low, as in every human society, there is but one rule for securing enduring popularity, — ‘ Be unselfish.’

“ I have known men, rough in language and manners, judged by our conventional standards thoroughly unsanctified, — perhaps they hardly ever saw the inside of a church, or breathed an audible prayer, though their talk was full of oaths, — yet they would do noble things. They would help others generously ; they would bear privation cheerfully ; and I have known them, in a time of pestilence, to watch day and night with patients sick of contagious diseases, when the camp was full of death. They watched until they grew sick ; then, after they were sick, until their lives were in peril. I have heard the lips of dying men bless them.”

The value and force of the evidence in regard to our soldiers supplied by such a book as “ *The Color Guard* ” is greatly increased by its incidental character. It thus confirms the more direct testimony afforded by the special accounts of the lives of many of those who have fallen in the war. No one can read these biographies, brief as they generally are, without being profoundly impressed, not only with the high qualities of the individuals commemorated in them, but also with the fact of the general diffusion of such qualities throughout the army. They are not so much the records of exceptional and unmatched instances of virtue, as testimonies to a common spirit and to a universal temper. The story of the soldier of New England or of New York answers for that of the soldier of Pennsylvania or the West. The portrait of the youth from Indiana, or Ohio, or Minnesota, or California, is the portrait of the youth from Maine, or Rhode Island, or New Jersey, or Maryland. The son or the brother who has gone from his quiet home in Massachusetts finds his companion in battle and in the grave in the son or the brother who has left his home vacant in Illinois. The beauty, the manliness, the fidelity to duty, of the one, are the characteristics of the other. The words of honor, the sobs of noble grief, over the graves of the East, are echoed over those of the West. The union of hearts in a common cause is confirmed by the indissoluble bonds of sympathy in sorrow and in joy.

In selecting from these published records one or two from which to draw further illustrations of the character of the soldiers for freedom, we choose among those nearest at hand, only taking our examples from different States, so that each may stand, not for one alone, but as a pattern of many.

The little volume with the simple title of "Adjutant Stearns" is written by the father of the young man whose life is told of in its pages. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1840, Frazar Augustus Stearns was, at the time of the breaking out of the war, a student in Amherst College, of which institution his father is President. He was a young man of strong nature, of fixed principles, of pure morals, and of deep religious convictions. He was simple-hearted, manly, generous, made to be beloved, and full of all good promise. At the first summons of war he was ready to answer, but it was not until after the disastrous day of Bull Run that he became so fully convinced that duty called him to the army that his friends were constrained to let him go. Meanwhile he had been preparing himself by careful study and training for military life.

"His views in reference to the war," says his father, "and his own duty respecting it, were remarkable for a young man, hardly twenty-one. He not only had clear notions of the great national issues, of the importance of a nation, and the terrible consequences of successful rebellion, but felt that he himself had a special call to fight, and die if necessary, for his native land. He revolved the matter and conversed upon it in a calm, cheerful, but earnest and martyr-like spirit. He took up the dread work of war, not for honor, not for pay, not for adventure, but animated by a sublime patriotism, under the influence of those high inspirations which stirred the hearts of the old warriors of Israel, and which, under Providence, '*organize victories*.' A certain sacred enthusiasm, which seemed to come in upon him from without, bore him on steadily from the beginning till it had conducted him up to the altar of sacrifice.

"No opposing argument could be advanced which he had not considered. He studied himself, and believed that he had adaptations for the military life; that he had courage, self-control, power of command and influence over men, and that he could inspire at least some of them with elevated sentiments of patriotism, and perhaps with something like sacred enthusiasm. He thought the country was in need of educated men, of moral and religious men, of officers who would act from prin-



ciple, who would feel for the privates, and take care of them, who would work hard to make them soldiers, and perhaps Christian soldiers. These views often came out in confidential conversations."

He received a commission as First Lieutenant of Company I in the Twenty-first Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, which in the autumn of 1861 was stationed at Annapolis. Here he attracted the attention of General Reno, who offered him a position on his staff. But thinking that his company stood in need of him, and unwilling to accept promotion before he had given full evidence of deserving it, he declined the proposed honor, and in a letter home he wrote : —

"I have left everything to fight for my country. If, in the course of events, I should prove a good soldier, fit to command men, and an able officer, and if God in his great mercy should spare my life, my successes would then, of course, be measured, at least in some degree, by my advancement. A good officer is always known ; and, if you will excuse me for saying so, the qualifications of a good officer are, besides courage, intelligence, energy, good breeding, and a certain knack and power in commanding men."

In another letter he said :—

"I am getting along finely, and the men appear to like me. I am very pleasant, but not familiar, off duty, and *very strict on duty*. The men take an interest in drilling, with one or two exceptions, and those I '*put through*.' You know me well enough to know that I can tolerate anything but indifference and laziness."

And again he wrote :—

"A man ought not to be cowardly in such a cause ; and how can you terrify one who can look *death* in the face, and has made up his mind that his life is his country's, and *expects* death at every turn ? If I can serve my country better by *dying* now than living, I am ready for it."

And again, in the same spirit :—

"I am very sure I am quite ready to die an *ignominious* death, as a private or officer, or do anything for our beloved country."

In January, 1862, his regiment formed part of Burnside's expedition to North Carolina ; in the battle of Roanoke Island, on the 8th of February, he was twice wounded, and displayed such gallantry as to receive official commendation from his colonel. His wounds were but slight ; on the 9th of March he wrote :—

"I am well provided for in every respect, and am as comfortable as can be, and thank God for it ! My health is very good, and I am taking good care to keep it so. God only knows what a day may bring forth. He only can tell what may happen to me on the morrow ; but always remember that *any hour* or *any moment* may bring you news that I am killed or dangerously wounded. If either, then God's will be done, and I hope I may always be prepared for any issue."

This was the last letter he ever wrote. On the 14th of March the battle of Newbern was fought. It was a hard fight, and, just before victory declared itself for our arms, the brave young soldier fell in the very front of battle.

"At this moment," wrote his commanding officer, "the noblest of us all, my brave, efficient, faithful Adjutant, First Lieutenant F. A. Stearns, of Company I, fell mortally wounded, the first among the twenty-five patriotic volunteers of the Twenty-first who laid down their lives for their country at the battle of Newbern. As he was cheering on the men to charge upon the enemy across the railroad, he was struck by a ball from an English rifle fired from a redan at the right and rear of the central breastwork, on which we were advancing. The fatal missile entered his left side, and, passing through his lungs, went out just below the collar-bone on the right breast. Corporal Welch, of Company C, noticing his fall, returned and remained with him during the battle. He lived about two and a half hours, though nearly unconscious from the loss of blood, and died without a struggle a little before noon."

"He set us," wrote the same officer, Colonel Clark, "an almost perfect example in all his conduct. His faithfulness, efficiency, and bravery, were only surpassed by the spotless purity and complete correctness of his private life. . . . In short, he always behaved like a real gentleman and a sincere Christian. To me, the loss is quite irreparable. However, I surrendered myself, my family, my friends, my all, to the disposition of the Great Ruler, who directs us in all our ways, when I left my peaceful and happy home to fight the battles of freedom, and I will trust Him to the end."

An Irish private in the Twenty-first wrote to a countryman of his in Amherst : —

"Among the dead is our First Lieutenant F. A. Stearns, the noblest soldier that the world ever afforded ; I fear too brave for his own good. He was beloved by all that knew him in his own regiment ; and in fact, as far as he was known in the army. I carried him off the battle-field. I tell you, Mr. —, that that was a hard thing for me. I carried him to

the beach, to go on board of the boat to go home. I carried him over a river, where I was up to my arms in water. The rest of the boys were strangers, and I tell you that I was not, for when he was living he was a dear friend to me. Lieutenant Sanderson is gone home with him. General Burnside presented the Twenty-first regiment with a cannon, for great valor on the battle-field. We send it home, to be erected as a monument over Lieutenant Stearns, the star of the regiment."

The following extract is from the letter of a colored boy, who had formerly lived with the deceased as a servant in his father's family, but was at this time servant of the Assistant Surgeon of the Twenty-first Regiment.

"The death of my brave young master has prevented me from giving you the particulars until the present time. I say that he was brave, because I know it. After I came out here, a strong friendship grew between us, and I came to the determination to do everything in my power to promote his happiness; but this resolve never did him much good. On the morning of the battle of Roanoke, I met him in the gangway of the boat; we shook hands. He says, 'Charlie, we shall have a hard fight to-day.' I looked up in his face; all I saw was a pleasant smile. I turned away, thinking he was a brave man. In the battle of Roanoke he was wounded. I saw him the next day, and asked him how he felt during the engagement. He said, 'I had no time to feel.' The morning before the battle of Newbern we walked out on the guard of the boat. I said, 'Mr. Frazar, suppose you should be killed?' He took my hand, and said, '*Charlie, I shall.*' I could not stand this, and turned to go, but I felt the pressure grow stronger, and stopped. My throat was full of something hard. My eye fell when I looked at him, and he let me go. I think he had something to say, but he never said it to me. . . . . When the sad tidings came to me that he was shot, I took lint, bandages, and wine, &c., and ran to the spot where he was, but all was over. A corporal of Company C attended him as long as he lived. He was conveyed to a shed adjoining the hospital. It is useless to tell the many attempts I made to restore him to life, but all proved fruitless. I closed his eyes, and pressed that cold hand to my lips. I can say no more; but I send you this to let you know that his old servant closed his eyes. — P. S. I send his Testament, that his father gave him, by this mail."

Beautiful is that memory which receives and deserves such tributes as these letters pay. Long shall such a memory be cherished and honored.

Not less honored and cherished shall be the memory of John Hanson Thompson, sergeant in the One Hundred and Sixth Regiment New York Volunteers. Of him, too, his father, the Rev. J. P. Thompson, has written, in the little volume called "The Sergeant's Memorial." He was born on September 3d, 1842; he died on the 16th of March, 1863; — a short, but well-filled and rounded life. As a child he was the abiding comfort and joy of the house. His boyhood was full of variety of experience, but he always carried with him, wherever he went, "a gentle, obliging disposition, careful and considerate habits, pure and manly ways, helpful ingenuity, and delightful enthusiasm for whatever was noble and good." He was thoughtful and serious beyond his years; his nature was tender, truthful, generous, and loving. When the war broke out, he was a pupil at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. He had previously been, for two years, at a military school, and the knowledge of drill and tactics which he had thus acquired caused him to be chosen "Captain of the 'Ellsworth' or Phillips Cadets, — a company of some seventy boys, whose daily drills gave a new life to Andover Hill during the summer of 1861." At this time he wrote: —

"I thank you for the Manuals. I am studying them continually, and practising with my company. We have two drills a week from Captain Oliver, U. S. A., and ours is the best-drilled company in town. I am trying to go further than mere head-work, by a private drill daily with a heavy musket I have borrowed. It is fine exercise, and good for my own military training, as I am careful to learn every motion rightly and on time. I am strong for war; it seems to me that the South needs a lesson which cannot be taught by 'compromise' or 'starvation.' Do you want me to go, or do you only not object if it be necessary? I stand ready to go at once, if I can find a suitable place. Should a dozen of our boys volunteer, I would be one; but it would be hard to enlist in a strange company that one knows nothing about. I think, when there is another call, and colleges and schools respond, Phillips boys will not be behind."

He was, indeed, ardent to enter the service of the country, but he acquiesced in his father's opinion, that it would be better for him to pursue his studies yet some time longer, at least until a pressing need for the services of volunteers should ap-

pear. That need came in May, 1862, when the alarm was sounded from Washington that the capital was in danger. Then his father had no desire to restrain longer the youth's patriotic ardor. He had, meanwhile, entered Yale College.

"The exigency upon which the long-coveted enlistment was made to hinge had plainly arisen, and the boy's heart was wild with joy when a telegram, signed with his father's name, summoned him to lay down his books and take up his musket. His classmates had never seen him so jubilant even in the merriest of college sports. In twenty-four hours he was enrolled as a private in Company G of the Twenty-second Regiment [New York National Guards, — three months' men], and was on his way to join the regiment at Baltimore. It was well for father and son that both had so long and carefully weighed the question of duty, that when this new peril of the country came there was nothing left but for the one to say, Go, and for the other to march."

The short term of enlistment passed quietly at Bolivar, in the routine of guard and picket duty, the daily drill, and the harder service of the pick and spade. At the expiration of the three months, he wrote:—

"In looking back over the last three months, I can only feel glad that I have had the experience here, and do not grudge the sacrifices made. I am in better health and spirits than when I started. And, in looking forward, I have for a few days considered the whole subject carefully, and think I had better go again, for three years or the war, — that it is my duty to go. This is the sum of all. I have always wanted to go to the war. After long waiting, I have tried the experiment. And having seen the hardest service, except a fight, I leave it to you whether my letters have been grumbling complaints. I am in for it, and like it; but as to re-enlisting, if you "don't see it," I will do my duty in college, as heretofore."

"One so ready to do his duty, in any sphere," continues his father, "could not be long in learning to what sphere he was now called. Of course he did not wish to re-enlist as a private, though willing to do even that, if his country's need required it; but he felt himself competent for a higher post. 'I may say, without boasting, that I have a better theoretical knowledge of, and have had more practice in, all military movements, than half of our officers; while, for general education, my advantages have been far better, whatever my knowledge may be. I have tried thoroughly to understand all military tactics. I cannot think it is my duty to go as a private for three years, as long as we have so many

ignorant officers. As an officer, it would be my duty to go, because I think I know enough, and have the full spirit of the thing, and don't care much for anything else."

In September, 1862, he obtained a sergeantcy in the One Hundred and Sixth Regiment New York Volunteers, and for a time had almost the entire instruction of his company, then stationed on the Knobly Mountains, near New Creek Station, Virginia. The following extracts from his letters show the spirit by which he was animated,

"I am doing the best I can to teach the men all things in the most exact manner. I drill them five hours daily. It is hard work to manage some of the men; that is, they are old and want *reasons* for everything. If I say, 'You must remove the paper from the cartridge before loading,' some one says, 'I never load that way, I shan't do it.' 'Sir! put that ball in without the paper.' 'Why?' 'Because I tell you to'; and at last in goes the ball.

"'Company, fall in for drill!' 'Where are we going?' 'Never mind where you are going, — *fall in*,' say I. And though I often have to repeat orders, and repeat again, I never had a man refuse to obey, and always after he has obeyed I tell him all I can to explain his trouble. But they are learning rapidly to obey promptly."

"Yesterday was Company A's first appearance on dress-parade, and I have the satisfaction of learning, from many sources, that in all respects 'we' were equal to the other companies, and that in our 'order arms' we surpassed the whole. I do not tell this to boast, but because it is a great gratification to me to know that, if I am now sick, Company A first got some good from me."

"At first the non-commissioned officers of Company A tented together, thus securing for themselves some extra comforts, and enjoying much pleasurable intercourse. 'Five such abolition, slavery-hating, vigorous-prosecution-of-the-war fellows you never saw in any one space, ten by ten.' Their evenings were given to studies and discussions in science, literature, and economics; geology and history being pursued in the way of regular recitations."

This mess being broken up, he occupied a Sibley tent with twelve privates. There "he best showed his aptitude for a soldier's life."

"His ingenuity devised many contrivances for the compact and or-

derly arrangement of equipage and utensils, and multiplied the comforts and enjoyments of the men. Said one of them, himself a mechanic, 'The Sergeant was always proposing some new ideas for our comfort; he would draw a plan, and teach us how to make this and that (pointing to various racks, &c. in the tent), so that he cared for us like a brother.' Said another, 'We used to watch for him to come in, he had such a pleasant way with him; he always had a kind word for every one in the tent.' And they all testified, 'In all the time he was with us, we never knew him to get angry; we never heard from him an uncouth expression, nor saw in him any improper or ungentlemanly action.'

"To divert the men from cards, he proposed making a set of chessmen, a large part of which he carved with his own knife. His Sibley tent with thirteen inmates, poorly lighted by day or night, with a stove in the centre, occupying the place of a table, afforded much smaller accommodations for reading and writing than the old wall tent for five. But he maintained in it order, comfort, and good cheer."

After a serious illness, he writes:—

"I can only lay my illness to poor cooking,—half-cooked beans, and once or twice our meat was tainted a little. It is a shame that, when Uncle Sam gives us such abundant rations, and of good quality, we have them ruined by the cooks. I am doing all in my power to have more care given to these matters, but cannot say much; for a sergeant should set a good example to the men by not grumbling."

As weeks and months wore away in the camp at New Creek, he grew more and more impatient for an active participation in the war.

"As to war and politics, I am glad that little 'Rapid' is so fairly squelched. Give us leaders that will fight; we want men to march us on to Richmond. For the love of country, don't make our great and noble army guard railroads. Regiments spoil for want of work. All our boys want to advance, fight, end the war, and return home. And this is so everywhere. We all need fighting officers."

He writes to a college classmate, whom he addresses as "dear Chalk":—

"So, Chalk, you may give it out as rather improbable whether I return to college. Remember me to the class, and at your next Delta Kappa meeting, as one who thinks it his duty, and the duty of every man, to go and *fight* in this time of need. And more particularly the

duty of such as you are, who have good habits formed, and are ready and quick to learn ; — that intelligence and refinement may prevail in our army, and that it may not be left to the scum and scourgings of the land to win the battles and claim the laurels. Every one of us ought to say in future years, ‘I used that gun in ’62, ’63, — or better, that sword !’

“I know we want education ; but where is the good of education without your country ? And where is your country without your men to fight and make it ?”

This last sentence shows the character of the man.

Almost every day brought its own incidents, sometimes its special lessons of fact or principle.

“On Friday I was on picket on the Winchester road. Two blacks came with a four-horse wagon, one a young man of twenty-five years, the other a man of fifty. They stopped to show their passes, and the old man jumped out of the wagon to light his pipe by our fire. ‘Are you a free man ?’ I asked. ‘Yes, sir, I paid a thousand dollars for myself ; then I bought my wife and my daughter.’ ‘Well, that was bully for you ; but what did you want to buy yourself for ? did n’t you have a kind master ?’ The old man took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at me. ‘*No slave ever had a kind master*, sir. You get a little bird and put him in a cage, and feed him, and take care of him, and all that, but you open the door and away he go : *he know*.’ I told him he was well worth a thousand dollars. Why is this county excepted in Lincoln’s proclamation ?”

The desires of his heart for service in battle were not to be gratified. The exposures and hardships of winter life in camp brought on illness, from which he had but partially recovered when a fresh exposure led to a new attack, under which he sunk after a few days, dying in the firm faith of a Christian soldier, who had tried to do his duty. His last words were those of prayer.

“Great truths and great principles,” it has been well said, “are for the most part established by great sacrifices.” And when such sacrifices as this dear boy and his companions in service and in death are laid upon the country’s altar, who shall doubt that the reward will be found in the freedom, justice, and prosperity of the future ?

James Sewall Reed was captain of a company raised in



California in the autumn of 1862, to count on the quota of Boston, Massachusetts. A finer body of men than the California Hundred, as they were called, was scarcely to be found in any State. They reached Massachusetts in January, 1863, and formed Company A of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry. On the last Sunday that they spent in California, they attended the church of the lamented and honored Starr King. He addressed them in words which found a true echo in their own hearts.

"God bless you," said he, "brother Americans, for your readiness, for your zeal, for your pure offering of devotedness, which to-day add force as well as illustration to the pleadings of the Gospel with our hearts! You are not 'weary' of the call and the strain of patriotism, — you seek the opportunity of pledging strength, and skill, and blood, and breath to our country's integrity and honor. Heaven hear our prayers for you, and cover you with its benediction! . . . . May the flash of your blades, if you are called into battle, be the dawn of a better age for your country! . . . . Go, brethren, do your tremendous duty with dedicated hearts; in the fear of God, which roots out all other fear; in allegiance to Christ; with the New Testament very near your hand, and its appeals very sweet to your souls! 'Be not weary with well-doing,' though your marches be long, and your hope of speedy success denied. In due time you shall reap, if you faint not; and, if those you leave at home be not cowards and traitors both, you shall reap, though you bleed, though you be maimed, though you die; you shall reap in your country's redemption and renewal, in the honor that will invest your names in future years, in your reward in the better world."

The wife of Captain Reed has written a brief and beautiful account of her husband's life.\* He was born in Milton, Massachusetts, April 3d, 1832. He had an ardent, impulsive, enthusiastic character, and in 1849, during the rage of the "gold fever," he became so desirous to try his fortune in California, that his parents reluctantly gave their consent, though he was a boy but little more than seventeen years old. His experiences were rough, hard, and wearisome, but "he was always cheerful, he made the best of every event, was never discouraged, and always found something pleasant among the darkest scenes."

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\* Printed as an Appendix to Dr. Morison's Sermon, the title of which stands among those at the head of this article.

"At this time, all who are acquainted with California history will remember that the moral dangers to which a young man was exposed were neither few nor small; and older, stronger men often fell victims. But from the first, Sewall had absolutely set his face against these things, and such was the natural purity of his character, his innate love of goodness and truth, that what to many was enticing to him was disgusting, and few passed through the ordeal of those early California days more free and uncontaminated than he. His good mother's teachings here proved their value: he revered that mother, and did not forget her while away."

In 1856 he took an active and useful part in the Vigilance Committee, and was conspicuous in all undertakings that required courage and ability. He travelled in search of fortune up and down the Pacific coast, during 1857 and 1858. He spent the 4th of July, 1858, at Fort Langley, and being on British ground, he determined that an American flag should float over his tent, at least, on that day.

"So the previous day," writes his wife, "he set himself to work to make a flag that should be a reminder of his home, and that flag is now in my possession. An old red-flannel shirt furnished the material of that color, an old white shirt was torn up for the white, while a blue blanket furnished the field for the stars. He could not make the stars to suit him, and so he cut the figures '76 out of some white, and sewed it upon the blue; and this flag floated over his tent on that day on that British soil."

In speaking of his travels, he said:—

"I have travelled about some in my life. I have been south as far as latitude fifty-six degrees, and here I am at fifty degrees north. I have lived under Chilian, Mexican, and English governments, and the only way a man can truly prize our own glorious Republic is to see and travel in foreign lands. I am a thorough American, and I glory in it."

In 1859 he returned home for a short time, and was married.

"In September of the same year," continues his wife, "we returned to California. Sewall now determined to settle down, and enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, which possessed an especial charm for one who had been so long a wanderer. He purchased a ranch, some sixty miles from San Francisco, and there, in quiet happiness, he devoted his

time to its cultivation. We had lived there about a year, when, even in our distant home, we heard the nation's cry of alarm at the fall of Sumter; and when he heard of the mustering of armies, and knew that danger was threatening that land he loved so well, he would often say to me, 'If I were only a single man, I should certainly go East, and join the army.' Even as early as this, he began again the study of military science, and interested himself in all pertaining to it, and in the summer of 1861 he joined a company of men as private, who met for drill and instruction in military matters; but, knowing full as much as any of them, he was frequently the instructor. During this time his mind was unsettled, his thoughts were often dwelling on the danger that was threatening that land he loved, and I have often heard him say, 'that if this, the best government the sun shone on, was destroyed, he should not wish to live.' He would have joined the army at this time, had it not been for me; but I *could not* give him up. In November, 1861, we again returned to San Francisco, — an excellent situation being offered him there, together with a better opportunity to serve his State as a military man; for at that time it was seriously thought that there would be trouble there. A new zeal had been given to the different military organizations, and he was soon re-elected captain of his old company, — the First Light Dragoons, — having resigned that position when in Lower California. Here I hoped he would be content, and gratify his love of military life as captain of that splendid company, but his heart was with those noble men who were sacrificing their all for their country, and again and again was the unwelcome subject discussed between us. I *had* felt that there were plenty of men here, that there was no lack of material, and that his services were not needed; but when I heard that men were less willing than formerly to volunteer, and that drafting even must be resorted to in Massachusetts, I felt that it was my duty to give up my precious husband to the cause. I saw that *good* men were needed, and I knew how admirably adapted he was for the life; and I, too, loved my country too well to see her destroyed, without doing my all to save her. I had no sooner given my consent than he proceeded to act, and, with other Massachusetts men, formed a plan, the result of which you know."

Nothing can add to the force and pathos of these tender and patriotic words. For some months Captain Reed acted as Major in command of a battalion. "While employed in that capacity he was killed, near Drainsville, Virginia, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, the 22d of February, 1864. His funeral was at the church in Dorchester, Massachusetts,

where he had been married a little less than five years before."

"We see in this, as in other histories, by what providential ways our young men have been prepared to take the self-sacrificing and heroic part which they have taken in the terrible conflict in which we are engaged. The cost of this war, in tears and blood, to uphold our government, and save it from becoming a wreck and ruin, is indeed great; but who shall say that it is too great, so long as it brings out characters like these, and holds up to us such types of self-forgetting manhood?"

The text of the memorial sermon by Dr. Morison was chosen well. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Surely these soldiers of the cause of freedom, justice, and union, soldiers of humanity, have shown their great love for God and man, and have laid down their lives for their friends. Their devotion shall not be in vain. Dear friends and brothers! your love inspires our hearts, and shall make us worthy of you!

With the record of one more noble life we must conclude our selection from the full roll of the dead on the field of honor, — our too brief register of those

"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Look forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."

Walter Symonds Newhall was born in Philadelphia, October 31st, 1841. He was a manly child from his very cradle, full of spirit and will, full, too, of tenderness and truthfulness. "He was brought up with a reverence for authority which he always preserved, notwithstanding his extreme independence and self-reliance, and which served to make him a good soldier, able both to command and to obey."

"He was not fond of study," says the writer of the account of his life, "and never particularly distinguished at school; but he was the hero of the play-ground. He had a real passion for out-of-door amusements, and excelled in every athletic exercise. He was pre-eminent among his fellows in all games, whether of speed, strength, or skill; the heartiness with which he entered into the sport, and which never failed or flagged, made each eager to secure him for his side."

He became, as a young man, one of the best and most noted cricketers in the country. "The qualities needed for a good cricketer are a quick eye, a cool head, a steady hand, a strong arm, a swift foot, and an active body; good humor, equanimity, self-reliance, and discipline." All these Walter Newhall possessed in a high degree, and his training in cricket and other athletic games was fitting him for the severe strain and perilous duties of military life.

"By the universal testimony of those who saw him, year after year, at the times when all restraint was thrown off, his companions on the cricket-field, his fellow-students in the laboratory, and his comrades in camp, no profane or impure word ever fell from his lips, and in the midst of his magnificent manhood he led a blameless life. . . . Walter Newhall was no child of sickly sentimentalism, or unreal, precocious piety, no would-be saint: he was the merriest and bravest of boys, the foremost in fun and frolic, the hero of the playground, a prince of good fellows. He could play ten-pins and billiards as well as ball and cricket; he could ride and swim and shoot; he was the very type of gallant youth,—and yet he was reverent, temperate, chaste as an ideal knight. The crowning grace of his perfect manhood was his Christian purity."

Walter Newhall was among the earliest to respond to the President's first call for troops, in April, 1861. He at once joined a cavalry company, in barracks at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. He was at this time between nineteen and twenty years old,—about six feet tall. The young men in the company "were nearly all good horsemen, having been used to the saddle from childhood. Walter Newhall was one of the best riders, and by far the finest swordsman of them all. The same dexterity which had given him such advantage with his cricket-bat now showed itself in his perfect command of the sabre, and their drill-master said that it would take but little practice to make him the most accomplished swordsman in the army. He was also a capital shot, and soon became remarkably proficient in the manual. His agility and activity were extraordinary. He could run and clear a horizontal bar on a level with his head, without touching it; and jump over his horse, which was more than sixteen hands high, with perfect ease. His grace was as remarkable as his strength."

Disappointed in the hope that the government would accept

them as a company, the young men disbanded, and in August young Newhall, having applied for service with General Fremont, was ordered to report at St. Louis, and was there made a Second Lieutenant in the Body-Guard of that general. The next month he was commissioned First Lieutenant. He took an active share in the Missouri campaign of that autumn, and very greatly distinguished himself in the famous and gallant charge of the Body-Guard at Springfield, as well as on other less noted occasions. At all times, under all trials, he was cheerful, confident, full of good humor, patient, generous, modest, and brave. A touching proof of the regard which his company had for him was received

“through a Philadelphia lady, who went to St. Louis to nurse in the hospitals there. In one of the wards she found a soldier of the Body-Guard, recovering from a fever, a very intelligent, well-informed, manly person, in whose mind solemn thoughts had been awakened by the recent dangers through which he had passed at the battle of Springfield. In the course of conversation the lady mentioned Lieutenant Newhall, and the man’s whole countenance lighted up on finding that she knew his officer. ‘He is the finest man in the regiment!’ he exclaimed, ‘and the most popular. He knows how to deal with men; he is always kindly, always treats them as if they were men, and not machines. I have heard one half the men say they would rather serve under Newhall than any man in the service.’ He went on to speak of his many virtues, especially his patience and forbearance with the troublesome fellows in the company, adding, ‘He is a true Christian. I have seen him sorely tried, and I never heard him swear.’”

After the Body-Guard was disbanded, Newhall applied for service in the army of the Potomac, and in January, 1862, received a commission as First Lieutenant in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. The regiment took part, during the ensuing summer, in the McClellan campaign toward Richmond, and Newhall was frequently selected for difficult services. He never failed to accomplish well whatever duty he was called on to perform, and gave such proof of gallantry and ability that in the autumn he was promoted to a captaincy. Month by month he won new honor, and stronger confidence, both from his men and his superior officers.

On the third day of the battle at Gettysburg, in July, 1863,

“he was employed in the various duties of a staff officer, when a heavy body of cavalry made a violent attack on General Gregg’s position on the right wing, endeavoring to turn that flank, with the hope of creating confusion in our rear, and of damaging our trains and communications. It was of vital importance to repel this onset, and our troops made a stubborn resistance. But the enemy advanced rapidly, and some important guns were every moment in danger of being taken. Newhall was sent to order a portion of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry to their support. On reaching his regiment, he found that so many men had been forced to fight on foot and in the woods, that but three officers and sixteen men, a fragment of his friend Captain Treichel’s squadron, were mounted, and ready to move on the instant. Not a second was to be lost. He briefly explained his orders to this small party, and hurried them on to the attack. Being on the staff, it was no part of his duty to do more than deliver the order, but to do less than share the danger was not in his nature. They were hidden from sight in a little valley, whence they gradually rose to the top of a hill, not fifty yards from which a regiment of the enemy was in full career against a portion of our line, just then in confusion. The little band instantly charged this vastly superior force, breaking through the flank, and creating a diversion just at the decisive moment. Out of what had been disorder a steady line of our men now advanced, and the golden opportunity of the Rebels was lost. Only a score of the Third had ridden down upon the enemy, and but six of these noble few escaped unhurt. Newhall had made straight for the battle-flag, and, raising his sabre, charged like a thunderbolt upon the color-bearer; but the latter suddenly lowered the spear-head of the banner, and struck his antagonist full on the chin with terrible force, shattering his jaw, tearing his cheek to pieces, and knocking him senseless from his horse. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself lying between the two lines, a shell occasionally bursting near him. His wound was bleeding profusely, his arms were gone, and he had been evidently left for dead. He found, however, that he had strength enough to walk, and hastened towards our lines. Coming in at a point where there was some slight confusion, under a very hot fire, he rallied the men, who were becoming unsteady, and then made the best of his way to the rear to find a surgeon. There he was joined by his friend Charles Treichel, who since they had ridden into the fray together in the morning, with all the fire of their first charge at Springfield, had lost a horse, had his arm shattered by a ball, been taken prisoner, and made his escape. Late in the day Newhall’s brothers found them both lying in a little farm-house, among their companions in the charge. Walter was exceedingly lame

and bruised, in consequence of the fall from his horse, and his wound was so stiff and swollen that he had the greatest difficulty in articulating, but he was in high spirits over the victory. In a day or two he was well enough to be moved, and was sent home.

"His strength soon began to return, and his wound slowly healed. . . . By the end of August he had not entirely recovered his strength, and was ordered to the sea-shore for a few days. He left home most unwillingly, but came back perfectly restored, and immediately declared his intention of returning to the army. His leave had not yet expired, and he was entreated to stay at least a week longer, but one day was all that his affection would concede to his sense of duty. He felt that he was needed at camp, and he bade a last farewell to those dear ones, who, though they knew it not, were to see his face no more."

Just before Christmas, 1863, Newhall received leave of absence to spend the holy season with his family at home, where he hoped to meet two other brothers who were also in their country's service. On his way,

"before reaching the Rappahannock, he was obliged to cross a small stream, one of those little runs which intersect that country in every direction, and such as he had forded and swam a hundred times. It had usually very little depth or width, but recent heavy rains had swollen it considerably, and converted the bottom into a morass. He plunged in, but about half-way his horse became mired, and began to struggle. Walter instantly perceived the danger, and waved to his orderly not to follow. He then quietly attempted to quit his saddle to swim to shore, but as he was in the act his frightened horse reared and fell over upon him. There was one moment, one supreme moment, before he disappeared, and he called to his orderly, in a calm, clear voice, 'Go for my brother,' and sank. His body was recovered in half an hour."

He was buried on the 22d of December. He had indeed gone home to keep Christmas. Two months afterwards, his commander, General Averell, wrote to his father : —

"It will be long ere the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac forget **WALTER NEWHALL**. His character was a model for all who had the pleasure of knowing him. It is difficult for me to say wherein he lacked of being perfect. He was without fear, and certainly without reproach. Dignified without affectation, reticent, but not taciturn, his graceful but impressive manners charmed all who ever saw him smile. In the execution of orders he never hesitated, and he possessed that rare quality in an officer, the power of inspiring his men with perfect confidence.



"His purity and his principles had a living force, which made itself felt throughout his command. It is yet felt, and he still lives, not only with his comrades, but with

"Your friend and servant,

"WM. W. AVERELL, B. G."

No words can add honor to a character that deserved such praise as this.

Such are the records of the lives of some of the youths who have formed part of our national army. Shall we mourn for them, that they have thus early been lost to their country and their friends?

"Alas! but Morison fell young;  
He never fell, — thou fall'st, my tongue.  
He stood a soldier to the last right end,  
A perfect patriot and a noble friend;  
But most a virtuous son. —  
All offices were done  
By him so ample, full, and round,  
In weight, in measure, number, sound,  
As, though his age imperfect might appear,  
His life was of humanity the sphere."

"It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make men better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far, in May,  
Although it fall and die that night;  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see:  
And in short measures life may perfect be."

No, we mourn not for them. We rejoice rather in the force of such fair examples; we rejoice in the assurance that such examples are not rare; that so much youth and strength and noble service are but the types of more that still remains; that our living army is worthy of the dead. In sacred, solemn, glorious, and tearful joy we lay these blessed offerings on the altar of sacrifice, — on the altar on which the dead were ready to lay whatever sacrifice might be required of them for the sake of the everlasting principles of freedom and of justice, for the sake of the perpetuity of those institutions which are the safe-

guards of the equal rights of man. In the immortal words of President Lincoln, at Gettysburg: "It is for us to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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- ART. VII.—1. *United States Treasury Reports for 1861, 1862, 1863.*
2. *Opinions delivered by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, on the Constitutionality of the Act of Congress declaring Treasury-Notes a Legal Tender in Payment of Debts.* Albany, 1863.
3. *Decision of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, sustaining the Constitutionality of Legal-Tender Notes,* delivered at Rochester, April 4, 1863.
4. *Opinions of Hon. J. J. CLARK HARE, and of Hon. GEORGE SHARSWOOD, of the District Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, on the Constitutionality of the Acts of Congress of February 5, 1862, declaring United States Notes Lawful Money and a Legal Tender.*

No political or economical questions have a more immediate bearing on the concerns of daily life, than those which relate to the currency. It is the instrument by which the business of individuals and of government is transacted. A defective currency is a hinderance to a prosperous career, and adds an oppressive burden to the weight of public misfortune.

The paper money created by the government under the stress of the present war has been generally accepted by the people. It performs all the offices of money as a medium of exchange.